

Animals

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Animals

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

IMPORTANT

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No manuscript will be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse.

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Humane Progress in France

IN a recent story from Paris appearing in the Chicago Tribune, Henry Wales tells about the new animal protection law which will soon be in force in France. The Grammont law, dating from 1850, designed "to protect animals from men," will finally be revised after a fight lasting nearly a hundred years.

Under present French law, a person can maltreat, torture and wantonly kill any animal he possesses, if it is done on his own premises. Only if cruelty takes place on a public highway or on property of a third party can the tormentor be fined.

Gustave Dumaine, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in France, recently told the Judicial Commission of the National Assembly: "Horses shipped to Paris to be slaughtered are frequently so frightened and nervous from the long ride in the box cars that they refuse to be led out of the cars. In that case the eyes are often put out by their handlers so that, blinded, they can be more easily led."

All we can say is that it is about time France enacted humane laws similar to the ones in force in England, Scandinavia and the United States. We hope President Dumaine of the S.P.C.A. will obtain his new law without any difficulty.

Civilization cannot be measured by armies and navies, wealth and power, not even by ingenious inventions and material intelligence. The progress of civilization must be measured by a change in the Human Heart.

"Le jour de gloire est arrive!"

E. H. H.



New Department Opens

LAST month our Society opened a new Department, the advent of which, we feel, now gives us a completely rounded program for the full protection of all animal life. This is the Wild Life Conservation Department.

As Director is Lester A. Giles, Jr., a native of Springfield, Mass. Mr. Giles received his formal education at the West Springfield High School, Springfield College and the University of Massachusetts. From 1941 to 1944 he served with the U. S. Army, graduating from Officers' Candidate School and finally emerging as First Lieutenant before retiring from active service.

Following this period, Mr. Giles entered the University of Massachusetts, where he took part in many extracurricular activities in addition to studying wildlife management, education and nature recreation, graduating in 1947.

In the summer of 1946, he was on the staff of Life Camps, Inc. and following graduation he secured a teaching position in Barton, Vt., after which he became Assistant Curator of the Stamford, Connecticut, Museum, teaching classes in mammals and outdoor living. He was later appointed head of the science department of Gosnell High School, Blytheville, Arkansas and had been appointed principal just prior to his leaving for the post of Director of the Wildlife Department of The American Humane Association, in which capacity he served to the present time.

Mr. Giles is a member of the Photographic Society of America, American Ornithologists' Union, Nature Conservancy, American Forestry Association, American Nature Association, American Nature Study Society.

Privileged Dogs

By Leone Kahl

DOGS go shopping in Sweden. They ride the streetcars, too. As well-behaved and obedient passengers they command respect everywhere. I am certain there must be some special "dog etiquette" in Stockholm, for they all seemed to be "Emily Post" conscious of their manners! Where stray dogs stray to, I would not know, for every one I saw, along the country road or in the city street, had a master near-by.

When the new subway system was opened last year, there was great controversy in Stockholm over the narrow escalators, the complaint being, "they were too narrow for baby-carriages and too complicated for the dogs!" But no changes were made.

Many banks, office buildings and markets have special hooks outside to which the dog's leash may be fastened. At the fashionable Nordiska Kompaniet, Stockholm's most elegant department store, mats, leashes and little drinking bowls are provided in a most comfortable vestibule for the shoppers' pets. While milady enjoys bargain hunting, a kind caretaker supervises the canine needs. Here one sees all kinds of dogs as proud of a new blanket or studded collar as any woman could be of a new bonnet. Just what gossip is exchanged in such "dog society" would indeed be interesting, I am certain, if we could but understand.

Now you may get the idea that this waiting room is a noisy place, but, somehow, Swedish dogs know that useless noise is against the law and these are obedient dogs. As I watched them I began to wonder what George, our neighborhood mongrel, turned gentleman, and Duke, the Great Dane, with a particular yen for George's vagrancy, and Christy, my far too independent Scotty, would do in such society. I cringe when I think of it.

At any rate, dogs in Sweden are quite privileged.

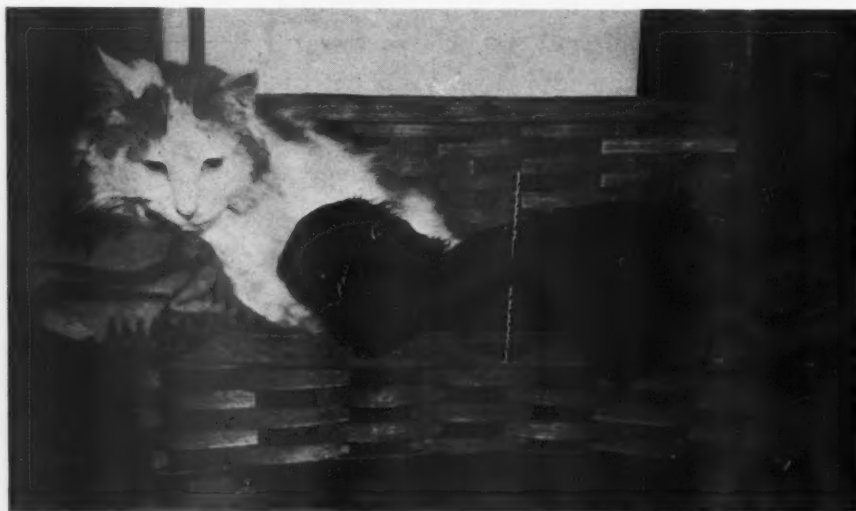
Early Morning Visitor

By Margaret Kenilworth

*There's a plump little lady across the way
Who has a caller every day;
At exactly eight, on the window-sill,
He always arrives with a little trill.*

*His coat is gray, all trimmed with white;
He lifts his head between each bite
To thank the lady for crumbs of bread.
It's just as plain as if he said,*

*"Thank you, kind lady, for this good meal;
After this, how fine I'll feel."
There's a plump little lady across the way
Who has a caller every day.*



— Photo by Charles W. Asbrand

CROWDED, BUT COZY — Cindy, our cocker spaniel, was overjoyed with her new basket-bed and settled down for the night as though she had been sleeping in it all her life. Imagine our surprise in the morning when we came downstairs to find both Cindy and the cat, Ginger, asleep in the new basket. Cindy was using Ginger for a pillow and a nice soft pillow he was, too. It looked a bit crowded, but cozy. — By Karin Asbrand



Animals Change Their Clothes

by H. C. Lake

**When the snow flies,
a miracle of
protective coloring
takes place.**

**The plumage
of the ptarmigan
becomes white.**

PEOPLE are not the only ones who dress according to their environment. All living creatures change their garments at more or less regular periods. You have noticed that your horse, cat, or dog likes a new garment occasionally. Fido's old suit has worn out. The new one, that is the hairs of which it is composed, push the old ones out and they eventually fall off.

Fido's new coat will be an almost exact duplicate of the old one. But this is not true of all animals. The young tapir wears a suit of brown and white stripes extending lengthwise, while his next suit is one of an entirely different design. The spotted suit of the fawn soon gives way to one of a different color. The summer coat of the Arctic fox is black but his winter coat is white. That white coat not only makes him less conspicuous on a white background, but white radiates heat much less rapidly than any other color. Hence, the Arctic

fox with his new white coat, which is also heavier, is well fortified for frigid weather.

There are also other animals such as the stoat and mountain hare which put away their summer suits of different colors and don their winter suits of white.

That bird, the ptarmigan, is particularly dissatisfied with its garments since it molts three times during the year, always wearing a pure white garment in winter.

Animals are rather a sorry-looking lot while in the molting stage. With new coats of hair visible in some spots and great patches or sheets of hair just ready to fall off, they look just about as tough as they appear to feel. But when they get that new suit, they take a new interest in life. They must feel, as do people, that personal appearance goes a long way toward success.

The birds and mammals are too

sensible to go out in search of a mate during the molting season. The male of the species waits until he gets that new suit, the most colorful and fashionable he ever wears, before he even looks longingly at the ladies.

Mother Nature always clothes her children according to their needs. She gives them protective coloration, warm suits for winter, and cooler ones for warmer weather. She grooms them to look their best when all creatures are bubbling over with the sheer joy of living.

"Napoleon"

By Jean Kenbalt

WILL you please get Napoleon out of that stump and keep him out!" A bit of prodding and then an indignant toad emerged for the second time that day. His indignation can be understood for we had dislodged him from his winter's sleep inside the old cedar stump. Why the girls named him after the Little Corporal I don't know for there was nothing belligerent or little about this toad . . . as toads go, in fact he was the largest I had ever seen, and the ugliest. Two months before, he had been pointed out to me by a group of schoolgirls whose path he regularly crossed at their lunch hour. He had become their mascot and they were upset when they learned that the men were going to burn all stumps after soaking them with oil. So they prodded him out and after him came half a dozen more, smaller and even more dissipated looking. They disappeared in the grass but we were afraid they would return and be incinerated therein.

Bermudians respect toads; even the dogs turn their heads the other way when one crosses their path. If only toads could be persuaded to migrate to the extreme tips of Bermuda and stay there, they would soon eliminate the poisonous centipedes that dart from under planks, from behind old logs or lurk in the cactus that produces the delicious "prickly pear."

The tiny brown centipede of Massachusetts is a joke beside his relative in Bermuda. I have one preserved in alcohol that is seven inches long, and part of its tail is missing, at that! These creatures have a very poisonous sting—bad enough to put a man in the hospital. (They have done just that at the American Air Base at Kindley Field.) To my sorrow I have tangible proof of the power of their venom, and though I did not occupy a bed in the local hospital I was obliged to keep to my own for the better part of a week after having been bitten on a New Year's Eve outing . . . so you can understand my solicitude for Napoleon and his friends.

If only Napoleon's taste included the pest that is destroying our cedar trees, he would be doubly valuable . . . if we could provide him with a helicopter, but we have to be satisfied with his war on centipedes and resign ourselves to seeing our cedars lopped down. I thought of Napoleon the day the work was going on and walked over to his charred home afterwards. Had he succumbed to temptation and returned to the stump after nightfall? I was afraid so until today. As I was turning away from examining a small lemon tree that had been despoiled of its blossoms in a recent wind storm, my eye was caught by two dull beads at the foot. It was Napoleon flattened out and looking as like the brown earth as it was possible for his changing skin. I think he knew me.

*You're jealous when I greet a friend;
My will to you must always bend.
You track in dirt and shed your hair
And doze in my upholstered chair.
When bedtime comes, you're never quite
Ready to settle down for night,
But all my heart belongs to you.
Where could I find a friend so true?*

—Lalia Mitchell Thornton

Magic Door

By Sallie Bristow

DOORS opening by merely stepping on a rubber mat are bewildering enough to humans, but to a white, furry pup in Decatur, Illinois, it is completely amazing. Usually this pup saw its mistress set out for the super market and, thinking dog food might be one of the items on her shopping list, he would trot along gladly, then wait outside for her to emerge. When just sitting got too tiresome, the pup would lean against the outside door and wait very patiently.

Then, one day his mistress' favorite super market did a complete renovation, and attractive black rubber mats were placed inside and outside the front doors. Black rubber mats were a lot nicer than cold concrete on which to sit and wait. So the pup stepped onto the mat and prepared to lean against the big new door. Suddenly, bam—the door shot open, only there was no one there. Up went the pup's ears in surprise, and giving a little yelp at the thought of spooks he shot around the side of the building as fast as his four legs would carry him. When he finally ventured back and tried it again, the same thing happened.

As he would watch from his vantage point and peer around the side of the building, the pup would see other dogs step on the mat and as the door opened, they would take advantage of the situation and dart inside. Of course, they were soon evicted, and there was no evidence of any gift of bones or dog biscuits in their mouths, either. So the little pup wasn't interested in going inside and being put out. He just wanted to lean contentedly against the door.



KEITH WILSON, 7-YEAR OLD BRITISH LAP, TURNED DOWN \$1000 OFFERED BY AN AMERICAN FOR HIS PET IRISH SETTER "CHRIS"



ANCIENT GREEKS BELIEVED THAT A PERSON ALWAYS ACCOMPANIED BY A DOG WOULD NEVER SUFFER FROM INSANITY

© 1953, Gaines Dog Research Center, N. Y. C.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

WHEW, that's a load off my mind!" I said, and getting back into the car, headed for home.

Since eight o'clock that morning—it was then one—I had been ringing doorbells and begging housewives to accept a cat—half a dozen cats preferably, since that was the number I'd started out with.

The reason for my campaign was that we were moving to the northern part of the state, and while I intended taking Pumpkin, Mr. Blue's favorite, I could not bring myself to transport Polly and her six weaned kittens four hundred miles. Neither could I abandon them to the new owner of the farm, who didn't want them, so there was only one course open—to find homes, on dairies or farms, where they would be assured of good food.

It took twenty-two calls to accomplish my purpose. A few days later, we were on our way with Mr. Blue, Sheila, Buddy Bearskin, Pumpkin and Charlie, the drake.

"I hereby make a resolution," I told Jack as we were getting settled in our new home. "No matter what, I'm having no more pets, cats especially. Each time we move, some must be left behind and I don't like it."

"Now you're getting smart," Jack said. "If you can get the idea over to Mr. Blue you're all set."

We were still discussing the "pet" problem, when Mr. Blue, who had been investigating the vineyard adjoining our new farm, came waddling home with what looked like a gopher in his mouth.

"Let's see," I asked, bending over to examine his catch.

With a proud, "Gr-r-r-r," and a great undulation of his anatomy, he dropped a scrawny kitten into my outstretched hand. It was perhaps seven or eight weeks old, and its first act was to sink its sharp little teeth in my thumb.

"Here we go again," I told Jack. "Blue found a kitten that's as wild as a panther. It bit me. Well, maybe it will go back where it came from," I muttered hopefully. But it didn't go away. It stayed under the porch and made our nights miserable crying for food, until in pity and desperation, I'd get up and feed it.

Our days were full to overflowing. There was the house to remodel, a corral and barn to build, a thousand lesser items to occupy our minds. And all the while, I noticed vaguely that our supply of cats was steadily increasing. I'd step out of the house and black, yellow and gray cats would scatter to the four winds. The word "kitty" meant absolutely nothing to them, and once, when I accidentally trapped one in the toolshed, it attacked me with bared claws, leaving a long, deep scratch on my forearm.

It wasn't long until I discovered that my fear of the strange beasts was shared by Sheila and Buddy Bearskin. Only Mr. Blue and Pumpkin seemed to find nothing alarming in cats that hissed and snarled when one passed them.

As for me, I just didn't know what to do. Finally, I decided to put out enough food for them and let events take their course. And then, one day, the thing happened, the like of which one would expect to see only in the darkest jungle.

I had just fed the dogs and Pumpkin on the back porch, when from the toolshed, six gaunt shapes slowly emerged. Then with a rush, they were on the porch, lashing out at the dogs, screaming, hissing, embodiments of fury.

With the first attack, Buddy fell off the porch. Then Sheila, after a half-hearted attempt at protecting her dinner, disappeared around the house. Mr. Blue, taken aback, retreated to bark at the hijackers, leaving Pumpkin alone to fight or run.

"Mr. Blue"

Fights Back

by Ina Louez Morris



After the battle. While Pumpkin and Sheila recuperate, Mr. Blue keeps a sharp lookout.

Pumpkin is a mild-mannered cat, but now his dander was up and although heavily outnumbered, he waded in. Pumpkin is a big cat, weighing fifteen pounds or more, but the odds were against him and down he went.

Until that moment, Mr. Blue had been merely a noisy spectator, cheering for his favorite cat, but with Pumpkin really in danger, he evidently decided it was time he took a hand in the fracas.

Before you could say, "Scat!", the gangster cats were ready to call it a day and, leaving the field of battle, raced for the alfalfa patch. Speeding them on their way was Mr. Blue, Pumpkin and finally Sheila, who had recovered some of her courage.

After rescuing Buddy from the geranium bed, I took stock of the meal I had set out. Three bowls broken and not enough stew to feed an anemic mouse. I had just finished preparing another meal when the victors returned, Mr. Blue on three legs and Pumpkin with a fast-closing eye.

After they'd eaten, I dressed their wounds, then we all sat down on the porch to watch darkness come up from the valley and to listen for the return of the villains, but there was no sound, only the clear, sweet notes of a mockingbird in the sycamore tree.

Dog Goes to Market

By Jane Calder

ARE you tired of going to the store? Then, send your dog. The Millers, who live in a suburb of Baltimore, have decided their dog is very intelligent.

Their collie dog, Major, has won the admiration of many people by the smartness he shows as he takes his daily trips to the grocery store.

Major made a number of trips to the store by his master's side. He even knew when it was his master's turn to be waited on. Then, one day, the grocer said, "Mr. Miller, I believe your dog would come here by himself, if he were told to do so."

The Millers decided to try out the experiment. Major was given a basket with a note. He seemed to understand perfectly just what to do. Down the street he went, crossed several intersections, got his groceries, and returned home safely.

Of course, the Millers rewarded him with extra petting and praise. The next day, they tried it again and he not only made the trip safely, but promptly. Now, they never even hesitate sending him for special items when company arrives unexpectedly.

If it is cloudy and looks like rain, Major refuses to take the basket in his mouth. He has been known to take shelter in doorways, if he gets in an unexpected shower.

Major never touches anything in his basket and he runs to get away from other dogs trying to sample his food.

The Millers are proud of their dog and he has saved them many trips to the store. They don't mind telling you their dog is smart and they believe it is all because Major recognizes the confidence they have in him.

First-Class Dentist

By Casimir A. Grabowski

HAVE you ever wondered if wild animals ever have a toothache? Or what they did if one of their molars began giving them trouble? Oh, yes, there is something they can do. At least, one of them.

The crocodile has his own private dentist. That's right! Strange as it may sound, these great reptiles really do have fairly reliable "dentists!" The only thing a crocodile has to do when he is bothered with an aching tooth, is to wait patiently until one of these dentists makes his daily visit.

Crocodiles, as you must know, spend a great part of their lives in the river's muddy waters. But here is something you may not know. They are continually being annoyed by small, worm-like pests called leeches which infest their mouths and cause them a great deal of trouble.

That's where the dentist comes in. He is the spur-winged plover bird, and it is his job as Mr. Crocodile's dentist to get rid of these bothersome leeches.

Every day, the crocodile spends a portion of his time basking on the sun-baked shore near a river. When he spies the small plover bird approaching, he opens his great mouth and the little bird hops fearlessly into the great jaws.

Once he is inside, Dr. Plover performs a two-fold job. He gets busy picking the offending leeches out of the creature's bridgework, plus any food that is left clinging to the teeth and, in the process, enjoys a meal for his trouble. The crocodile, of course, appreciates such first-class service and takes great precaution and proper care not to swallow his dentist accidentally.

When the dentist has finished his job on any patient, and wants to get out, all he has to do is give the crocodile a gentle reminder by prodding him on the roof of his mouth with one of the sharp spurs. The jaws spring open and Dr. Plover hops out to visit some other patient who may be in dire need of a dentist and is patiently waiting for him.

Courage

By Clara L. Walpole

ONE spring morning, the children of the second grade were seated, busy with their school books. Among them was Clara Lou, a little girl with big gray eyes and brown pigtails.

The door opened and in came a strange lady whom the teacher introduced to the children. The stranger told them of a new and wonderful club each of them could join. The club was called the Junior Humane Society.

There was a star badge to wear with the wording printed on it, "Be Kind to Animals." The lady said always to be kind to their pets and to urge kindness to animals wherever they might be.

Soon afterward, Clara Lou's mother asked her if she would like to carry a dress pattern to a friend. She could ride in the street car all alone.

Everything went well for a few blocks, the horses hooves making music as they trotted along. All of a sudden there was a commotion and the horses became unruly. The driver spoke to them at first quietly, then shouted and used his whip.

The driver stepped down to the road, continuing to shout and beat the bewildered horses. They plunged this way and that. They did not know what to do.

Inside the car sat Clara Lou miserably clutching her package tightly in her hands, trying not to cry. All this time she knew what she should do but she did not dare. At last, she could stand it no longer. She slid down from the high seat and mustering all of her courage, stepped out into the street beside the angry driver.

He looked down into the face of a scared little girl who said, as she pointed to the badge on her coat, "I am a member of the Junior Humane Society and you must stop beating your horses. Everyone should be kind to animals." The driver said not a word, but stepped back onto the car.

Something made the horses pull as they were expected to do and Clara Lou settled back in her seat, the frightening episode over. She breathed a satisfied sigh, knowing she had done right and went on her way with a happy heart. The badge she wore was the badge of courage.

We still have a few calendars remaining. See inside back cover for information.



Canada geese flutter into the sanctuary a hundred strong.

Like death and taxes, there will always be—

“Gaddy’s” Geese

By Zelma G. Locke

YES, there’ll always be “Gaddy’s” Geese. There is nothing else quite like them. Wild Canada Geese, many of them weighing ten pounds and more, mingle with people and actually eat food from their hands!

The visitors find it incredible as they look out upon the lake refuge at Ansonville, North Carolina, where lies the fresh grave of Lockhart Gaddy, benefactor, who established this unique refuge for his beloved wild birds. The refuge is open from October 1 to April 1.

The honkers begin to arrive about the middle of October, on or near a full moon. Their mass flights are fascinating, especially to people who have never had the opportunity to observe wild fowl at close quarters.

For nearly twenty years Canada

Geese knew Lockhart Gaddy, who made his North Carolina farm and fish pond a private refuge for them. At first, he had only a few live decoys, but finally, a flight of nine big Canadas were attracted to the pond. After three years, the flock increased to 35. By 1939, there were 115 wintering with him.

By now, feeding was becoming a problem. He received some government help in return for banding the geese. Then he began to accept contributions and finally he set a fee of twenty-five cents for visitors, a fee which helped materially in the buying of food for these fowl.

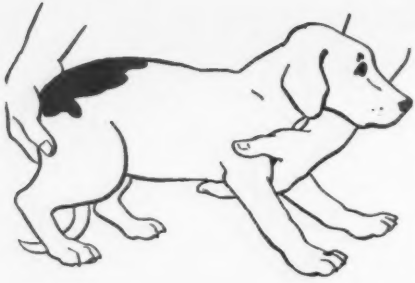
The geese sometimes reach the age of sixty years. School children come to study them as part of their nature study. Humans observe them at arm’s length while the geese carry on their incessant

conversation, and have their squabbles and fights.

Their landing technique is captivating. They come in, “flaps down,” using their webbed feet for brakes upon contacting the water, throwing up a sizeable spray. They fly and swim in precision formations, maneuvering like soldiers in close order drill. They fly in great V’s, or in layers of single lines, and make great dark patches in the sky when they approach, in order to land in large formations.

People who hunt with cameras find picture possibilities practically limitless.

Mrs. Gaddy, who shared her husband’s love for the wild geese and helped to establish the refuge, and friends and neighbors say that they will maintain it and plan its development as a memorial to Lockhart Gaddy.



Welcoming That New Pup

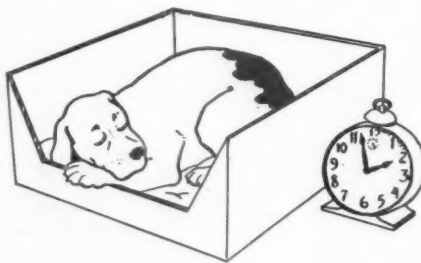
BRINGING up a puppy in the home is a comparatively simple matter and if the new owner uses common sense and patience, well seasoned with affection and understanding, there will be few difficulties. Puppies require good care and good food, dry and draft-proof sleeping quarters, proper exercise and loving companionship. During the time that a puppy is bothersome, he will make up for it by being a captivating and amusing little creature, and before you know it the puppy days will be over and you will have ahead of you many years of companionship and devotion of a dog.

The "welcome home" for the new puppy begins at the kennel where you've selected a bouncing, bright-eyed, sleek-coated, alert and lively pup, or at the freight or express office at which your gift puppy has arrived. Have a cardboard carton with holes punched in its sides for ventilation or a regular dog carrying case, and place the puppy in it to carry him home in your car. Little puppies can get car sick on their first ride.

The first few hours with your puppy in his new home are the most important in his life. At the kennel he was very playful in familiar surroundings and among his little brothers and sisters. But your home is strange to him and unless he's a very bold pup, he'll be shy and bewildered among so many new objects and new faces. He'll probably be especially jittery if he's just come out of a shipping crate. So just give him a little time to get acquainted. Impress upon the children in the household that he isn't a toy and must be treated with the care and consideration you'd give to a baby. He can be hurt or made sick by too much excitement, by squeezing and mauling, and frightened by too much boisterous attention. Show them how the puppy must be lifted, by placing one hand under his chest with the forefinger between the front legs and other

hand under his rear to support him. Don't put him in a too-bright room or a noisy place. If he huddles in a corner, let him stay there awhile to look about, but speak to him and pet him often to give him confidence.

If you have other dogs, supervise the meeting. If your puppy is an "outdoor" dog and going to be kenneled outside with another dog, make sure he's accepted before you put them together. An older dog might be friendly enough in other ways but may not allow the newcomer to enter the kennel and you'll have a chilled, lonely pup left outside to cry and shiver all night. Give the pup his own house and yard until he's



well settled as a new member of the kennel quarters.

The pup destined to be a pet and companion should live in the house. Have a bed prepared for him, decide on a place for it and keep it there. A bathroom or under the pantry table or an out-of-the-way corner in any room may be the chosen spot, or you can use a baby play pen. Be sure to avoid places which are damp or drafty. *Never banish the pup to a dark, cold-floored cellar.*

His bed may be the fanciest of store-bought baskets with a foam rubber cushion, or a small dog crate, or it can be a plain cardboard box with half of one side cut out so the pup can come and go as he pleases. Whatever the box, make a soft bed of a folded piece of blanket or several newspapers torn into strips. The first night or so he's likely to cry with loneliness. Try putting a loud ticking clock near his bed. The sound is comforting—and so is a slightly-filled hot water bottle, covered with

cloth and placed where he can cuddle up to it.

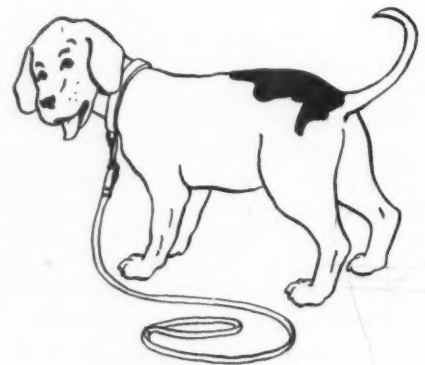
Have a plain, narrow leather collar for your puppy while he's little. When he gets used to wearing the collar, introduce the leash. Let him smell it, let him play with it while you hold the other end and coax him to come to you. After you snap it on, let him drag it around the house for awhile, hanging free. When you start to lead him on the leash, do it playfully, run a little and coax him to come along. Very soon he'll find that his leash means the joyous prospect of a walk outdoors.

Plan on a name for your puppy and use it consistently. He'll learn his name very quickly if you use it every time you speak to him, or call him to dinner, and it will be useful knowledge later on when you start to give him training lessons.

What to feed the puppy is usually the first concern of any new owner. Don't feed the pup anything at all with the first few minutes of his arrival. He'll probably be too excited to eat, anyway. Offer him a drink of water or some slightly warmed milk. No ice-cold liquid or food for the young pup at any time. If his former owner has given you a diet, follow it for the first few days. You can switch to another later, but right at first is not the best time for a change.

Feeding a dog poses no problem with

Illustrations through the courtesy of



Puppy into Your Home



the excellent and completely balanced diet provided by the good quality dog meals available today. Feed the puppy often while he's very young. Five times a day if he's under three months old, three times a day from three to six months of age. At six or eight months start feeding twice a day. When he's a year old, one ample feeding a day is enough although it won't do any harm if you want to give him a light breakfast snack. Write to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. for complete leaflet, "Suggestions for Feeding Growing Dogs," and "Care of the Dog."

Set regular feeding hours. Mix the prepared dry meal in some warmed milk or with meat broths just so it's lightly gruel-like, not thick or pasty. Save scraps of meat and fat trimmings from the table to add to the meal for "flavoring," just as you add chocolate flavor to milk to tempt a child's appetite. Or mix in a little canned dog food, beef, liver or horsemeat. The amount to feed is measured best by your own experience. If he leaves some of his food, pick up the dish and don't give so much at the next feeding. If he seems to be hungry after cleaning up his plate, add a little more to the subsequent feedings.

There's always the question of bones. A puppy will enjoy chewing on a bone

but it doesn't take the place of his regular food and too much bone-gnawing will wear down the teeth. Let him have a large beef bone once in awhile. Don't let him have poultry or sharp chop bones which can break into splinters and choke him or puncture his intestines.

All puppies like to chew on something, especially during the teething period around four months of age. If you have a few hard rubber toys for him it will save wear and tear on your own belongings. Never give him wooden toys or toys of rubber that he can shred and swallow or those with a metal squeaking device.

How to house train is the second most



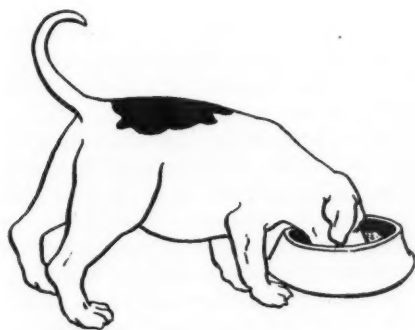
important question in the minds of most new dog owners. You can't expect miracles, but you can start the right way by bringing into use that old adage, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." In other words, training the puppy to do the right thing and giving him no chance to do wrong. When you first bring your puppy home let him run around and nose around a little outdoors. He'll probably relieve himself and you've made a first step in house training. If, you carry him indoors, place him on your carpet and then let everyone swoop down on him with shrill cries of joy, he's likely to relieve himself right there from pure excitement and nervousness. Always take him outdoors after every feeding, and generally about every hour or so in between. Don't play or romp with him at that time, just let him go about his business. When he shows signs of restlessness indoors, carry him outside immediately. Take him out the first thing in the morning and the

last thing before bedtime. Dogs are naturally clean and won't soil their beds if they can help it, so keep his bed in a small room, bathroom or pantry, and spread newspapers on the floor. They are easily picked up if he uses them during the night. If he does his duties just before bedtime and is let out early in the morning, he may never use the papers at all. If he's allowed to wander all over the house during the night, or at any other time without supervision, you're to blame if you find "mistakes."

Never scold a puppy for misbehaving in the house unless you actually catch him at it. You understand that he's being scolded for something that happened a half hour ago, but he doesn't, and the scolding does no good. Instead, it can make him shy and nervous. Above all, don't expect a young puppy to be well house-trained before he is four to six months old. A young puppy is physically incapable of waiting until you let him out and his capacity for remembering is not developed any more than that of a small child.

Don't bathe the new puppy. A good brushing or slicking the coat with a chamois will keep him clean. Use a non-toxic flea powder if he shows signs of fleas because those little pests are the carriers of all kinds of evils. Puppies are very sensitive to cold and chilling so if you feel you must give him a bath, be certain that he's thoroughly dry before you take him outdoors.

Don't follow the advice of the neighbors who think they're dog experts and dose your pup with worm remedies, all kinds of vitamins and the health aids they recommend. The best health insurance for your pup is to find your nearest veterinarian and pay a call for a routine check-up of your puppy. If your pup hasn't been inoculated against distemper, don't make the mistake of waiting "a few days" before that call. If your dog is too young for permanent immunization he can have shots that give temporary immunization.



Attention-Animals at Work!

By Murray T. Pringle

THIS Atomic Age may create many changes in our way of life, but one thing it will not change—our constant need of animals to help us in our daily life. For, be you bootblack, burglar or banker, chances are you require such services. Take the following, often-told story for example:

Some years ago an ingenious, if unscrupulous bootblack in Paris, employed his pet poodle to help him "drum up business." And a good job the animal did, too! Taking up his post on a bridge over the Seine, the Frenchman would tap his shoe-shine box and say, "All right, little one, your master needs a customer!"

Instantly, the little black poodle would run to the river's edge and roll in the mud. Then, thoroughly coated, he would dash to the far end of the bridge and wait for a passer-by. When one approached he would leap out and prance playfully about the pedestrian, rubbing mud off on the man's shoes. Then, his job done, he would race away.

By the time the wearer of the mud-spattered shoes reached the bootblack's stand he was a willing customer.

Sanitation Experts: More than forty years ago, malaria and typhoid were prevalent in San Antonio, Texas. Dr. Charles A. R. Campbell conceived the idea of enlisting bats to rid the city of the deadly mosquitoes. City officials labeled the idea ridiculous. Dr. Campbell thought otherwise and at his own expense established a bat refuge near one of the city's worst marshes. Within a short time the disease-carrying insects were reduced to such an extent that people could frequent the area in safety and comfort.

Amazed city fathers enacted an ordinance imposing fines up to \$300 on persons found guilty of killing bats and erected more bat houses. Result? San Antonio has long had a clean bill of health where typhoid and malaria are concerned.

Fruit Pickers: On the island of Singapore, the British government has for years employed monkeys in its botanical department. These simians are trained to gather mangoes, cocoanuts and botanical specimens from high trees. They understand and obey a variety of commands when spoken by their native

owners, executing quickly and efficiently such orders as, "Go up the tree," "Break that twig," "No, not that one," "Yes, bring that one down," etc.

Burglars: Not all animals work for honest men. In India, native house-breakers sometimes use large lizards or monitors as living grappels. The burglar ties a rope about the lizard and sends it up a wall in which there is a convenient crevice. The reptile scrambles up and hides in this crack, wedging himself in so tightly that the thief can climb the rope and into a high and otherwise inaccessible window!

Watchmen: New York City is becoming more and more receptive to the idea of using animals in place of men. At least one large New York department store and several warehouses now use German shepherds who have been trained to make regular tours of inspection and to "check in" by pressing a foot pedal which rings a bell. It saves the human watchmen several miles of walking nightly as well as providing them with a highly efficient helper in nabbing thieves!

Bank Tellers: In Siam, people prefer coin to currency and as a result such counterfeiting is considerable. Therefore, Siamese bank tellers' cages contain two clerks, one human and one monkey.

The man handles deposits and withdrawals, etc., but when accepting coins he first hands them to his partner for "inspection." The monkey gives each a hard bite and hands it back. If the animal's teeth have caused considerable damage the coin is pronounced counterfeit. Thus, spurious wealth is kept out of the bank and the Siamese clerk's teeth are saved considerable wear and tear!

Exterminators: Of course, for thousands of years, the "workingest" animal of all has been the domestic cat. The ancient Egyptians revered these animals for their services in ridding the granaries of the Nile of destructive rats which so depleted the food supplies of the people. And, to this day, cats have been on public payrolls both in this country and in England—their duty, keeping down the rat and mouse populations which yearly cause so much damage, not only to foodstuffs, but in many other types of merchandise.

Deep Secret

By Dorothy R. Crichton

ABOUT a year ago, while I was out in the yard pinning some clothes to the line, I noticed a strange collie dog running up and down, close to our fence.

She was all skin and bones and had a serious limp in one hind leg, as though she might have been hit by a car not so long ago. The poor thing, frightened and bewildered, surely looked lost.

Several times I tried to hand her a dog biscuit when I noticed our dogs getting acquainted with her, their noses thrust through the wire fence. But the collie ran in alarm when I approached. So, I left a few biscuits by our gate, and she took them when I got a safe distance away. Several days later, since she was still wandering about, I opened a can of dog food for her when I was feeding our own dogs. This she gulped down eagerly, as long as I didn't try to come too close.

We called her Beauty. She must have slept in the woods until my husband made a temporary shelter for her out of two old doors he wasn't using. We raked up pine needles so Beauty could have a soft bed. In this crude home, Beauty settled down, right outside our gate, lonely but well cared for. We couldn't coax her inside the yard, but she waited a little closer every time we took her food and water. No doubt she was grateful, but she didn't seem to accept us.

One day my husband had a chest cold and his voice settled down to a strange deep bass tone. Having a good sense of humor, he went about singing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," "Sailor Beware," and other bass music.

Just for fun, as he was handing Beauty her evening platter, he sang for her in that bass voice. Beauty leaped to his side. She thrust her nose right into his hand. She wagged her tail—she wagged all over. It was the first time we had seen her acting positively happy.

My husband petted her for awhile and then invited her to come into the house. She followed him as though she felt sure she belonged.

Since then, Beauty has been a much-loved member of our family. We never found out where she came from, or what happened to separate her from her former owner. But we feel pretty confident that that gentleman had a deep bass voice and that Beauty loved him dearly, just as she loves my husband now.



He Helped to Build Our Conscience

The following is one of a series of advertisements of John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company, Boston, Massachusetts. Its content is interesting, compelling, inspirational. We urge a thoughtful reading and point out that about this same time, the founder of our own Society, George Thorndike Angell, was working in Massachusetts to achieve the same end.—Editor

HENRY BERGH was the last man you'd have expected to get himself involved in other people's troubles.

He was rich, handsome and well-born, given to silk hats and fancy vests, a sophisticate and a dabbler in the arts. He was the sort of man you'd expect to find looking a little bored in a box at the opera, or lolling on the deck of a steamer bound for Monte Carlo. And, to tell the truth, those were the places you'd have

found him for more than half his life.

Then, at the age of 53, something happened to Henry Bergh. He discovered cruelty. Like most people of his time, he had always been aware that teamsters sometimes beat their horses, that people sometimes kicked stray dogs, that cattle in slaughterhouses were treated with needless brutality. He had known all this, and, like most people, had thought no more about it. Suddenly, he could think of nothing else. To defend all creatures who couldn't hit back became the most important thing in his life.

So Henry Bergh, in his top hat and loud vest, began to roam the streets of New York, looking for cruelty. He became the protector of the tired horse, the homeless mutt, and the steer marked for slaughter. He had no law to help him, no authority, no allies. Many people called him a meddler, and most considered him a bit of a crank. Wasn't it

a little ridiculous, they thought, for a grown man to get that excited about a mere animal?

Henry Bergh thought not, and finally it was we who changed our minds. Today there are hundreds of societies doing the work he started, and nobody thinks they are ridiculous; nobody believes that kindness is unworthy of grown men. For we have come to understand that what Henry Bergh did for animals was not nearly so important as what he did for us. It was not only the beaten dog he saved, but the beater.

In a democracy, which is simply an agreement among people to be decent with each other, the conscience of a man is as important as any law. Henry Bergh, who dressed like a dandy and acted like a crank, was one of the builders of the American conscience—one of the men who helped us remember to try to be as good as we know how.



Pictures in the first column show:

Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle with Lyndesay G. Langwill, Executive Secretary of Scottish S. P. C. A. in his office in Edinburgh.

Dr. Schnelle with Dr. Halfdan Moltzen-Nielsen in the doorway of the Animal Protection Society's hospital in Copenhagen. Dr. Moltzen-Nielsen is chief veterinarian of the Society's hospital and conducts its out-patient clinic in the center of Copenhagen, as well.

Dr. Inger Hansen with a patient and attendant in the Copenhagen hospital. Dr. Hansen spent some time in study at the Angell Memorial Hospital.



Female attendants are employed in the Copenhagen hospital. Here are two of them in uniform holding a handsome German Shepherd patient.



Dr. Schnelle

As the pictures show, our trip to the Fifteenth International Veterinary Congress in Stockholm was most pleasant and included many stopovers. We flew first to Scotland, where we visited The Royal (Dick) Veterinary College in Edinburgh, The Scottish S.P.C.A., and The Glasgow Veterinary College. In Edinburgh, we attended a tea given by the veterinary faculty for a group of American veterinarians who, also, were on their way to Stockholm. Our stop in Glasgow was made most pleasant by Dr. Marianne Frances Smith, a graduate of the Veterinary College at Cornell, who is now teaching there. She, her husband, and several of her associates in the College, were our hosts for luncheon and an inspection of the beautiful grounds and clinic building of Glasgow University.

Our next stop was London. After a day spent in sight-seeing with Mr. Lawrence M. Spalton, a vice-president of Bayer Products, Ltd., we were called for by Dr. Gordon C. Knight, the Director of Beaumont Hospital for Animals. This is London's largest veterinary hospital and serves as a clinic and teaching institution for the adjacent Royal Veterinary College. We toured the fine and elaborate buildings of this College and the Hospital thoroughly and then were entertained for dinner by Dr. and Mrs. Knight.

Our next stop of interest was Copenhagen. Our former Fellow in Pathology, Dr. Aage Thordal-Christensen, saw that we were "wined, dined and guided" for all of our free moments in this lovely

Pictures in the second column show:

Dr. Axel Isaksson, Executive Secretary of the XVth International Veterinary Congress of Veterinarians, shown in Stockholm at the headquarters of the meeting talking to his secretary.

Dr. Fritz Nilsson (center), Swedish army veterinarian and small animal specialist who spent some time in study at the Angell Memorial Hospital. On his right is Dr. Saki Paatsama, who also visited the Angell Memorial in 1953. Dr. Paatsama is in charge of the clinic at the Finnish Veterinary College. On Dr. Nilsson's left is Dr. Julius Holmberg, a veterinarian from Helsingford, Finland.

Dr. and Mrs. Halfdan Moltzen-Nielsen on the right. On the left are Dr. Inger Hansen and Mrs. Schnelle. The photograph was made on the terrace in the garden of Dr. and Mrs. Moltzen-Nielsen's lovely home in Copenhagen.

Goes Abroad

city. As the pictures show, we had numerous acquaintances to visit. The veterinary college is in a most beautiful setting, since it shares space and grounds with the Horticultural School.

During the visit at the College, we were entertained at a luncheon at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Hans Bendixen. Their residence is on the College grounds and in a beautiful setting. The luncheon party finally included ten visiting veterinarians from various parts of the world.

That evening Mrs. Lili (Hansen) Kremer took us to Copenhagen's famous Tivoli for dinner and the evening. Since she had visited her brother (President Hansen) in Wellesley a number of times, there were many mutual friends to talk about in addition to the enjoyment of being shown the "Paris of the North" by a native.

Our last day in Copenhagen was spent with the veterinary director of the city's humane society. The provisions for animals in their buildings are quite good and the quality of the medicine and the surgery performed is of very high caliber. It was gratifying, also, to see that Dr. Moltzen-Nielsen's first assistant was a veterinarian who had training at the Angell Memorial Hospital.

Our last stop was Stockholm, the seat of the Fifteenth International Veterinary Congress. The extensive program of this affair cannot be described in this brief account. While we were considerably impressed by the scientific advances in veterinary medicine in Sweden and in Central Europe, we left with the impression that the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital has no peer in its field.

Pictures in the second column show:

Colonel Maurice Hale, U. S. officer in charge of veterinary activities in the Western Zone of Germany, shown in front of the mailbox for veterinarians from the United States, with two interpreters.

Dr. Sten-Erik Olsson (right) Surgeon and Radiologist at the Royal Veterinary College, Stockholm, with Dr. Jacques Jenny, associate professor of veterinary surgery at the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Jenny formerly did graduate work at Angell Memorial Hospital.

The time of the presentation to Dr. Schnelle of the gold medal and a diploma from the Federation of Norwegian Humane Societies. They were presented by Mrs. Christine Geirsvold, secretary of the organization, who stands next to Dr. Schnelle. Also in the photograph are Mrs. Kristian Bjerkness and an unidentified veterinarian, friends of the humane movement.

Pictures in the third column show:

Girl veterinary studies at the Royal Veterinary College in Stockholm, shown with the cap that is traditional uniform of the undergraduate student.

Cemetery for soldiers' dogs, high above the city of Edinburgh.

Dr. Agnete Krabbe and Mrs. Schnelle. Dr. Krabbe is veterinarian-in-charge in the Small Animal Clinic of the Royal Veterinary College, Copenhagen. Not shown in the photograph are the wooden shoes which she wore constantly during Clinic hours. Dr. Krabbe visited the Angell Memorial Hospital in 1951.

Dr. Hans C. Bendixen, head of the Department of Pathology of the Royal Veterinary College in Copenhagen. Dr. and Mrs. Bendixen were hosts to the Schnelles in Copenhagen. He visited the Angell Memorial Hospital several years ago.



CHILDREN'S



"Look what my master got for Christmas!"

Aunt Polly's Zoo

Insects with Big Jewel Eyes

ONE day last summer, Aunt Polly was out sweeping off the stones in her front path, when she saw her new little neighbor, Christie White, running toward her and crying. Aunt Polly wondered whatever could be the matter.

"A great big dragonfly is chasing me," sobbed Christie.

"But, honey, dragonflies are harmless."

"No, they aren't! They'll sew up my ears if they can!"

"Now, honey, someone has been telling you a story. It's true that many people fear these quick, darting jet planes of the insect world, but actually they can't possibly hurt you. The dragonfly has a number of other names, such as 'snake-feeder,' 'horse-stinger,' and 'devil's darning-needle,' and I feel that he helps make my Zoo interesting. If you'll come for a walk with me, I'll tell you about this fascinating creature."

As they reached a certain spot, Aunt Polly remarked, "There are many dragonflies here, and I think they are the most attractive insects in my Zoo. Don't you admire their long, slender bodies? They are such dazzling colors, steel blue, purple, green, bronze, copper, and . . . look, Christie, there's a silvery white one!"

"They are beautiful, Aunt Polly, but they're so thin. What do they eat?"

"Well, they start life as eggs laid on the bottom of some fresh water pool or in the stem of some waterplant, then develop 'nymphs,' or larvae, which look like short fat worms. As nymphs, they eat all sorts of smaller insects and *very young* fish that they find in their pools. I regret to say, they may even eat each other, if food becomes scarce.

"When the nymph is full grown, it stops eating, crawls up the stem of a water-plant into the air and waits for its skin to split open. Then the adult dragonfly crawls out to sun itself dry. When it is completely dry and its soft, moist wings have hardened, the dragonfly soars off on its first flight, and from then on it thrives on insects which it catches on the wing (primarily mosquitoes). By the way, dragonflies are exceptionally strong flyers. Some of them even migrate in bands like birds do."

"Can they walk, Aunt Polly? Their legs are all bunched up near their heads and I should think their tails would drag," said Christie, who had been closely inspecting a dragonfly that was clinging to a nearby reed.

"No, Christie. They can't walk on level surfaces as we do. They use their legs only for crawling up plant stems and holding their food. But did you notice their big beautiful eyes? Each eye is compound (made up of many eyes joined together); in fact, there are about 25,000 tiny eyes united in each eye of a dragonfly.

"While we are admiring dragonflies, I'll tell you about a particular branch of their family called the Demoiselles, or damsel-flies. Their name comes from the French, and means 'young ladies.' This is a good name for them, because when they are at rest, they fold their wings down their darning-needle backs in a shy way. One of the damsel-flies is so gray that it is called the 'marsh nun.'

"Now, Christie, do you think you'll be afraid of dragonflies any more?" asked Aunt Polly as she finished her story.

"Not any more. That was a nice story, but I have a question."

"What's that?"

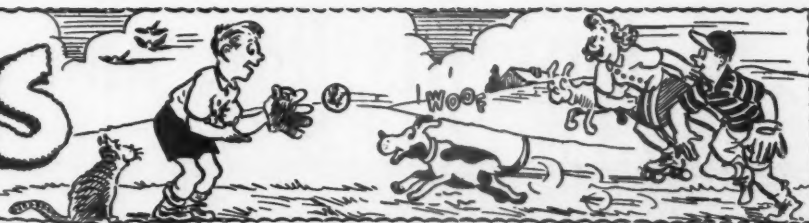
"Well," said Christie, "I was wondering if I could bring my little brother, Billy, the next time? He loves animals, too."

"Honey, I'll be very happy to have him come visit my Zoo, soon, and I'll tell you both about **The Flying Cinderella**. Goodbye for now, Christie. It's time for your supper and I see your Mommy at the door, looking for you."

"Okay. Thank you," said Christie and she waved farewell to Aunt Polly, then ran down the walk on her way home.

—Eva C. Pollard

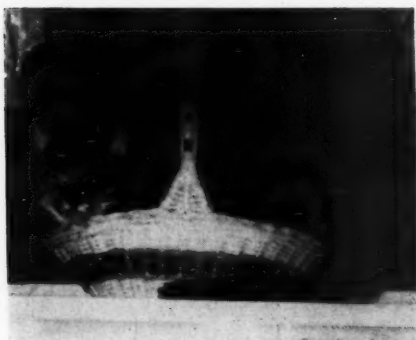
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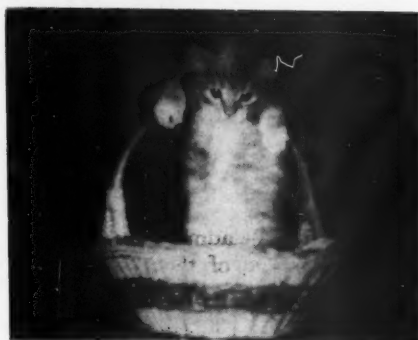
A Tisket, a Tasket, Kittens in our Basket!

By Terry Viens (17) and Alice McWeeney (17)

WE have enjoyed your pictures and articles so very much, and we thought perhaps you could use these. We have three cats at present, although we have had more at other times. We wish you the best of luck for the future of your magazine.



"Psycho" settles down for a — of all things! — cat nap.



"Butch" prepares to rise and shine.

A soft little ball, all furry and warm,
All romping by day, but by night a small form
Sleeping away and looking so sweet,
Dreaming of yarn toys and good things to eat.
A tiny face, whiskers, and eyes bright and pretty,
A magnet for love—a cat or a kitty.

Pansy and a Bubble • • By Allison Seeley (8)

MY pet is a three-colored cat named Pansy. She has long hair. One day I was blowing soap bubbles and I blew one at Pansy to see if she liked them. She ran after one and put out her paw for it. When she touched it, of course, it broke. She was so surprised she didn't know what to do for a minute and just stood there. Pansy is 5½ years old.

January 1954

Every Friday on TV

MEET "MR. MAC" AND HIS FRIENDS

MONKEYS, elephants, horses, parakeets, raccoons, fish, insects and, of course, dogs and cats; they're just a few of John Macfarlane's animal friends who have appeared with him on our TV program, **ANIMAL FAIR**, on Channel 4, WBZ-TV, at 6 P. M., every Friday. "Mr. Mac" has fascinating stories and facts about animals to tell you and new animal friends each week for you to meet, so be sure to tune in **ANIMAL FAIR** this Friday and every Friday night at 6 o'clock.

ANSWERS TO DECEMBER PUZZLE: Across—1. ice, 3. S. S., 5. sock, 7. inn, 9. fail, 11. veal, 13. panda.
Down—2. cane, 3. scald, 4. ski, 6. of, 7. IV, 8. nap, 10. lo, 12. La.



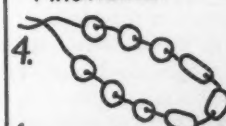
1. HAPPY — YEAR.



8. FROGLIKE ANIMALS.
10. WITHIN.
11. NOT EVEN.
12. THE UPPER AIR.



2. PERSON WHO DIRECTS THE PUBLICATION OF A MAGAZINE.



6. THE SUPREME BEING.
7. ROAD - ABBV.
9. SECRET AGENT.
10. PRONOUN.

Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month

A Boy, His Dog, and a Firehouse

By Grover Brinkman



Billy and Buster with some of their firemen friends.

IT was cold outside, and a thick snow mantled the early-morning streets. To Billy Huff and his dog, Buster, life was one problem after another. Just now they were both very hungry.

Necessity caused Billy to push open the door to the city firehouse in his hometown of Mt. Vernon, Illinois. There were firemen lolling around the trucks and one of them, a kindly-looking man with the word "Chief" sewn to his natty

blue shirt, asked Billy what he wanted.

"May I sweep the snow off the walk?" Billy asked, shivering.

Paul Partridge, the fire chief, sensed that something was wrong. The boy before him was thin, cold and obviously hungry. And the dog looked even hungrier! The Chief invited them upstairs for a hot breakfast, where even Buster got his fill. As Billy ate, it was revealed that he had a crippled hand

and a slight impediment in his speech. Also, he had no home and too much pride to ask for help, but he was more worried about his dog than himself.

When the crew found out how likeable Billy was and heard the story of his hardships, they all went to bat for him. One of the things they soon accomplished was the building of a newsstand across the street from the city hall. Here they set Billy up in business.

Other people in Mt. Vernon heard about the good things the fire department was doing. Soon, everyone in town knew Billy and his dog, Buster. People made it a point to buy Billy's papers.

Meanwhile, Buster took over the firehouse from basement to living quarters. He soon learned that when a siren started to scream, he had work to do. Racing back and forth in front of the firehouse, he chased off unwisely-parked cars. Then, at the last moment, he would hop aboard a fire engine and cling there throughout a wild, exciting ride. Before long, Buster became known all over town as the "fire dog."

That was four years ago. Today Billy Huff is a smiling young businessman with a sizeable bank account, his health is improving, and life is much more livable. For all this, Billy thanks the Mt. Vernon City Fire Department crew, who adopted him and his dog.

And Buster? Only one thing is wrong with him, his short toenails. He literally wears them down to the skin, chasing cars off the street when the siren sounds!

Ice-Skating Cock

POWDER RIVER was a frozen sheet of ice with hummocks of crusted snow. My husband was hauling hay along the west bank of the river and as he rode along, he amused himself with his usual game of observation. He noted winter birds flitting through the cottonwoods, a grouse in her covert, a deer poised for instant flight, and the saucy wind tearing tufts of hay from the load and tossing them to freedom.

A startled rabbit dashed ahead of the team, then veered toward the river. The rabbit, in turn, startled a cock pheasant and both creatures took full flight across

the gray ice which covered the stream.

With a sudden playful blast, the wind caught both fleeing creatures and blew them forward, faster than their own legs could carry them. Surprised, both animals set their brakes, but their skidding, resisting bodies continued to fly across the ice until they landed against a hummock of snow.

After a moment's rest, the rabbit cautiously hopped back to the bank and crept into hiding. The pheasant, however, moved off the snow hummock, placed himself in the wind's path, braced his feet, sat back on his tail, spread his

wings and invited the wind to take him skating again!

Obligingly, the wind re-entered the game and with another blast blew the cock across the next patch of ice. From hummock to hummock the game was played, while my husband sat perched on the loaded hayrack and watched.

When the pheasant had thus skated across the width of the river, he strutted up the bank of the river and leisurely picked his way among the sagebrush dotted, snow-covered flats, hunting fresh forage and evidently well pleased with himself.

By Enid S. DeBarthe

Remember that, in 1954, April 25-May 1 is

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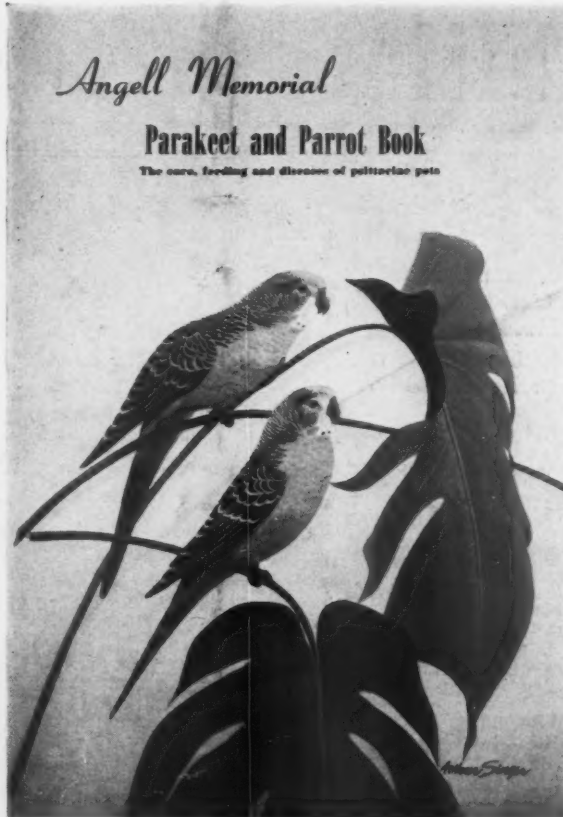
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